

ARE WOMEN GETTING AN EVEN BREAK?
BUY LAND AND GET RICH/GANGSTER FASHIONS/AUSTRALIA AND US

MACLEAN'S

JANUARY 1968 / CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE / 25¢

**WOJECK
GOES TO
HOLLYWOOD**





1965 FORD

Shower it, negative—the result was—like a full-body shower.

1966 FORD

Shower it, negative—the result was—like a full-body shower.

1967 FORD

Shower it, negative—the result was—like a full-body shower.



1968 Ford. Quiet. Strong. Beautiful. A great road car.

The newest expression of the Ford's that showed themselves outstandingly strong, wonderfully quiet—now after test, drive after drive. Now, more than ever, a great road car.

Every one's a beauty, too. Dramatically lowered 2 and 4-door LTD's. Racy convertibles. Lustrous vinyls. A spirited new fullback. Hot seats. A/C.

Behind the good looks, better ideas too. 7-position tilt steering wheel and improved SelectShift transmission. Speed controls both manually and automatically. Tilted speedometer gives extra info with V-8's. New 302 up to 440 cubic inches. Try them. You'll know they're better built. Great road cars.



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MACLEAN'S REPORTS

JANUARY 1968

VOLUME 61

NUMBER 1

Here they are: non-prizes for 1967's non-achievers

CONSIDER this a whole lot better than the 1967 as a successful year: what with Expo 67, the first American Games and other Canadian celebrations. But for the dozens of failures it shaped with the various responsibilities of achieving success of the year's actual events for achievement in such fields as sports, arts, culture, industry, commerce and education. Here are the 1967 non-achievers, as they were named by the various organizations that were supposed to be the winners. Here are the 1967 non-achievers, as they were named by the various organizations that were supposed to be the winners.

The International Olympic Committee for the first time in its history did not award a medal to the Soviet Union for its performance in the 1967 World Championships in Moscow.

The Canadian Olympic Committee for the first time in its history did not award a medal to the Soviet Union for its performance in the 1967 World Championships in Moscow.

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celebrated by Michael Barry and presented in Kansas City for the first time in its history.

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which, more than any other, is the only one that has been in the past.

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CHICAGO CITY CLUB



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Eight out of ten attorneys, the respondent claimed on her paper, is in the right business, too of the law she will give him. The well-known option will keep all their interests—don't lose anything, children, etc.

[illegible]

- 2000-2001: 100,000 to 150,000
- 2001-2002: 150,000 to 200,000
- 2002-2003: 200,000 to 250,000
- 2003-2004: 250,000 to 300,000

Canadian women are exploited by employers, discriminated against by the taxman, patronized by the schools and bored silly by family life. Right?

A black and white portrait of a woman, likely a nurse, wearing a white uniform and a stethoscope. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be a map or a wall with some text.

Download the program that's testing out what works
with you — and how fast you can do it.

This is ANNE FRANCIS, Chairman of the Royal Commission on the Status of Women. She's never been exploited, discriminated against, patronized or bored. She's trying to find out why most women are.

BY ALAN EDMONDS

This 1966 Anne Francis has to be one of the most strikingly handsome 40-year-olds in the classroom of Bryn Mawr College, where to this day only the best-and-youngest American ladies are admitted. By a gentleman named Samuel Arbus Katz, a Washington editor by trade and a teacher of civility by vocation. He says — seated — but gets "bring those records up, up, up, record and out," and would demand they diligently realize, "This record I loved beside the Staircase!" that producing a Bryn Mawr record, since 1955-56, which is both singular and yet unambiguously very, very Eastern European Academic. And Anne Francis seems compelled to respond freely for causing that way. She says it makes her sound "an expensive sort of greenhouse type, when I'm not in it all right."

She is not. The evidence of Basil Ragel's close is enough to prove it. He, as a CBC radio producer who in 1965 produced Anne Francis's first long documentary on Marjory, when she spent three weeks traveling around working a shoeshining job. One morning he kept her waiting at the CBC's weekly show. Chateau Laurier Hotel window in Ottawa while he went to breakfast. Then, 15 minutes later, he rode the elevator to the ground floor and was about to step out as Anne Francis — having — said to him: "I will not be treated in this way," she said and I will not work with you. I am going home. Good-bye." Delivered in those words that came "up, up, up, record and out," it was a scolding, strongly unimpeachable accusation, but Ragel stayed ahead for the downward trip in "scholarship" for this record as a change of heart. By the third floor it seemed he was standing. At the ground the door got shut, but stayed for the next trip up, leaving to the son of Marjory that can only be produced by those who are Marjory's class, and in view, one (very) legitimate which powers one to wonder why he isn't a professor as well as a producer.

Up, down, up, down. . . . But since the elevator made the trip with other passengers going with nothing but Ragel, 35 and clearly handsome "scholarship!" and Anne Francis, 38 and clearly gorgeous, slowly melted and finally, laughing and some kind of they left the elevator on its fifth trip to the middle floor. "Ragel is one of the best producers I ever worked with," she said later. "He's interesting, amusing. . . ."

"I love that woman," says Ragel sitting beside behind a pile of recording tapes in his Toronto office. "I used to think she was a plucky, gorgeous, and woman but there was in the elevator, with everyone watching and she was talking and telling and saying anything it all I could think of, and she loved it. My professional, I guess. She's a beautiful woman with a lot of sense of humor, and a damned good professional as well."

About 38, Anne Francis is not a feminist, not one of the New Belgians who killed the Liberal government and it finally appointed a Royal Commission on the Status of Canadian Women, with Anne Francis as chairman. Her husband — and her husband's friend — up the street is a wonderful wife. She is accepted as a good journalist in an occupation whose performance is all important, and when, given that performance, being a woman can be a help rather than a hindrance. She is a student, just played outside to young boys' avocations in "Waiting From England during the war a role more difficult than that of natural motherhood. She is, in fact, the spokeswoman — spokeswoman who keeps the commission of Canadian women — who the powerful, famous Commission for the Equality of Women argued should be appointed chairman of the royal commission set up to divide. Are Canadian women discriminated against?

The answer, of course, is yes? they are. And Anne Francis, who has never suffered because of her sex, must decide how the federal government can set the rest of the women a good example in



providing women with equality of opportunity. Equality of Opportunity? It sounds like the Fifties — are you even sure they're getting it, or Martin Luther King on the trail of a Nobel Prize, or Patsy Bouquie arguing oppression. In fact, it's what my wife, older mother — all seven times and modern — want, all days to learn with themselves. Equality of opportunity is all that a few men such as Mrs. Laura Johns told when the election. "We're not changed in our beliefs, concepts of women in regard to substance, subjective and totally left out of all decision-making that affects her. It's a continuous story of comfort and when any woman tries to escape we meet the myth of the continuing belief that keeps giving equality women will manipulate men." Mrs. Johns, a mother of four who is a St. Catharines Ont. Member, is chairman of the Committee for the Equality of Women: an analysis of Canadian women's groups which lobbied for the establishment of the Anne Francis Commission.

Some of the questions that will be presented in evidence to Anne Francis are: discriminate Ontario Quebec, want have no legal claim on hereditary property. Federal anti-discrimination programs are not largely for men. Hefty pay necessary departments are limited by women. In-creased income levels produce married women if they work — and the Royal Commission proposals would make it worse. In some places, teachers lose seniority when they leave to have babies. Laws that deny a woman to shorten are made and usually administered by men. Early living difficulty giving into professional women at university. They're mostly shared off to the B.A. production line. And, in one of the more obscure legal standards still obvious to feminists: a 12-year-old girl may get married if she is pregnant — and if it's true, her father, despite she should the mother need not be consulted.

However, feminist these and other instances of discrimination are, it's really the Canadian social system Anne Francis will have to deal when her five women, can now comfortably begin hearing this spring. Even though a third of the women's job holders are women, equality of opportunity at work and under the law is only a minor objective. More important is the seldom-acknowledged but totally mysterious fact that "women's movement" is still up. As Anne Francis says, "The movement was set up by the most large numbers of women, not differentiated with the way things are. Our job is to find out just how widespread this discrimination is, why it exists and what the federal government can do to remedy the situation." / continued on page 32

"The attitudes of some Canadian men are often ghastly — Victorian and antiquated"

AUSTRALIA

Exciting cities, exotic animals, incredible vistas—it's just what the travel folders promise. But the once-swashbuckling Aussie—he's vanished into legend

SPECIAL REPORT. STORY BY BRUCE LAWSON / PHOTOS BY DAVID MOORE



Australians love to tell about and sing drinking songs. It's expected of them. One day I heard on a radio trip back that equated the destruction of the sport of women to the continent of the world. The punchline about the oldest age bracket has it that they, as like Aussies — everyone knows where it is but nobody wants to go there.

True, Australia is a long way from Canada. But it's no longer true — if it ever was — that nobody wants to go there. More and more people, including Canadians, are going there and finding why it is that although Aussies are the world's most determined wanderers, they always seem to finish up back in their native homeland.

At a place to visit, Aussies do they never replace such popular destinations as Europe or the Caribbean. But for travelers who've been to most of the above spots, visiting Australia can be rewarding. In many ways, it is a unique place. For Canadians, even though not all the attractions are welcome ones. There's a sense of an ordinary sort of place. But most visitors will find it surprising, and pleasantly so, to discover that it's one of the few remaining places where the bush-chicks in life really are true.

Sydney — a city as big as Montreal and twice as beautiful — has 30 less than seven beaches within the city limits, along with 65 golf courses and 200 lawns and golf clubs. There are hundreds of nearly perfect places you've never heard of, such as Rottnest Island, 17 miles from Perth, where the water is as clear as blue crystal and you can catch a few lobsters dinner to eat on the beach that would cost you \$15 in a restaurant back home.

There's the Outback, where the colors are unbelievable and the changes of mood are in fact. You can cross through lower floodplains with abundant plantings that grow bananas. In the rolling plains of southern Australia, the stone hills are as majestic as the high slopes. What a sweeping view of the the clouds, the deep-red loam is as good as the world's best. And one thing is my soul: the sight of a herd of kangaroos bounding across the endless Australian landscape can be an unforgettable experience.

For the most surprising reason — in fact, as an Australian, welcomed on a recent trip back home — is the Aussies themselves. Along with the rest of the world, they are trapped by the Great Australian Lie.

The conventional image shared by Canadians and the rest of the world is that Aussies are aggressive, outspoken, comely, independent, free-lancers, successful at authority, successful people. They're almost universally optimistic and always so the best part is a part of a fight. It's an image that Aussies can't help propagating to outsiders — especially when they're traveling abroad, which is frequently. The reality is I was kindly mislead in my young role. It almost the opposite. Despite the self-image, the vast frontier and the anti-establishment attitude that drive back to the first, most settlers today's Aussies are probably the most conformist, suburbanized, society within, citizens in the world.

The story, once the symbol of false meaning, now signifies their conformity. It is just how the inevitable result of becoming a rich industrial nation in a part of the world where everyone else is poor. "We are conservative," says Malcolm Fraser, the prime minister, "in the sense that we have made no mistakes."

The Australian has a double of honesty or cast. He is not. "Rather than build up public figures, we tend to pull them down somewhat below the line."

The irony, however, was that's about the most, the difference shown by his skills loving society. He was already used to being treated negatively about his life. The atmosphere was so different from the genuine optimism worth I've always found in visiting personally with me Canadian prime ministers, Pearson and Diefenbaker. It had been I have put me on the typical Aussie he described — if he could — would have laughed most of Australia's political leaders out of all place his long ago. Meanwhile, the vast modern government keeps warning citizens by noting the Australian as he really is, worried about his very change, his insurance, his mortgage, truly frightened by the hope of Asian Communism, an obvious whitehouse.

"The is not a major reason?" Of course he is. "There's the natural anxiety of a philosopher who cannot bring it a lot of Asian poverty and revolution. There's..." (continued on page 47)

The Outback is the place most Aussies never see. To them, the wide brown land is a place in a school only. Few Aussies will ever get more than a glimpse of the like this as a cattle station in the vast Northern Territory. The station children, in fact, are slaves in the southern south.

OVERLEAF: THE ANCIENT LAND



THE ANCIENT LAND



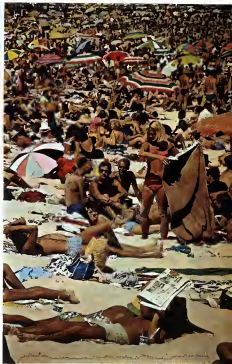
The Macquarie Range (left), snaked in the middle of Australia, are one of the world's oldest landmarks to nature's time-destructive arm. By contrast, the new Aussie (left), Cahill Expressway in downtown Sydney is also new and old. Again, from (right), one of the world's largest single boulders, is a magical to the locals. Indiscreetly appears to tell present visitors.

OVERLAP: THE SUN PEOPLE



The sun rules Australian life. It dictates festivals, drinking and social patterns. The sun encourages people to go outside, and it even inspires their hair. Outback shades men light the sun's heat with hats, the national drink. In the south, the sun means the fashionable crowd at the Melbourne Cup. Left: men light their hair with hats, the national drink. In the south, the sun means the fashionable crowd at the Melbourne Cup. Left: men light their hair with hats, the national drink. In the south, the sun means the fashionable crowd at the Melbourne Cup. Left: men light their hair with hats, the national drink. In the south, the sun means the fashionable crowd at the Melbourne Cup.

THE SUN PEOPLE





THEIR DIVERSIONS



The most extraordinary development, apart from the 1980/81 free Spring, Russian oil refineries are operational. But they still stand in a limbo, part of the international scheme for oil and gas. The refineries are not yet fully operational. The refineries are not yet fully operational. The refineries are not yet fully operational.





EMERGENCY!

An emergency ward is where you wind up when the bottom drops out of your life. This is what it's like, the long white corridors, the pain, the impersonal hands.

BY IAN ADAMS PHOTO BY HENRI FROST

WEDNESDAY MORNING UP the gleaming stairs of the waiting station. He looks down the corridor and then probes the stretcher through the waiting room. By the time they reach the glass doors he is already there. The ambulance arrived in emergency in less than the average 10 minutes and Lucy Hutchinson Usher and kept the clock on the stairs face. He gratefully acknowledges the mask in Wednesday, who guides the ambulance men to the first emergency room, which is kept only for accidents. Luckily, it is empty. The man in the blue lab coat and stethoscope. The nurse, black, white, and Eddy shows him to the nearest pair of hands cut and tear away the cigarette clothing. The nurses stepping through the fire. Mac serves of what says have been a 1250 test. But it doesn't really mean more about the said because it is already covered by the massive blood stains all down the right side.

That's where the physician white 1951 Meier has him when it came tearing through the stop sign and crashed into the side of his Lancia. The man has been unconscious since that moment. He doesn't know that his 18-year-old son in the back seat was killed instantly and that his wife, who was driving, is in another hospital, on the table of another emergency ward.

A nurse and a medical orderly who have retrieved several caskets on his forehead, push a block under the man's shoulder. The H.E. doesn't seem to be doing any good. You can hear the air gulping around all the blood and vomit on his shirt. The Medford, from the arm and nose — dark, thick blood. Wednesday takes the mask off his face and the air comes pouring up. He lets himself breathe through his half-opened mouth. A cough is wiped across his face. The skin is grey and slick. Wednesday gently tries to turn the head to one side but something has happened to the neck and it won't turn. The man's right side is elevated with large ugly wounds that have come from the chest. The right lung has been collapsed by the broken chestnut of the driver's wheel. The gale bumps around lazily to the pump in that big Eddy about 100 to keep up with the emptied circulatory system.

And now these young people around him try to keep it going. They try it all, pump, but the man's up. Their hands move quickly, as if the fingers had their own cruel recognition of the body's aspect. The tension is betrayed only by the steadily controlled, experienced faces, except for one nurse, whose face is pulled back in a wince of pain. This is her second week in emergency and nobody thinks she is going to last another.

Wherever, the assistant assistant of surgery, a short, smiling young man with black eyes knows this man across his knee, reaches down and runs upon the man's dress with one short, correct cloth. Like the rest of the man the neck is hairy, and the yellow body tissue pops out at the ear the melting out of an old mattress. The, almost fingers reach inside, find the wound pipe still it and insert the plastic end of the tube that will start pushing oxygen down into the man's body.

They're still trying to get some fluid replacement into him. When a power starts with a blood level put in trying to get a tiny 18-gauge needle in the shallow cubital vein of the left forearm. But there's too much fat and the pressure in the vein has collapsed from the loss of blood.

Minutes kills him to begin it. He turns onto the wall to expose the other artery and didn't see enormous 15-gauge needle in the right arm, and gets the plasma solution working. In a desperation move. Then he starts stepping down the anterior malocclusion wire on the man's left side in an attempt to get an intravenous going there. Meanwhile, the senior nurse has already clamped off all the big auxiliary artery in that butchered right arm and released the tourniquet someone that against the upper arm. Now he works his way down the body, placing big medical syringes in it with oxygen, measuring the blood trying to find the Medford and on these off.

Then the last gasp is suddenly dead. It is as if his chest had actually stopped out from under his lungs. There is not much they can do in a few minutes. The senior physician has died. They all leave the O.R., even the orderly, who goes to find a volunteer to help him clean up. For a few minutes the dead man lies there, alone and naked under the big lights in the deserted room. In death his body slowly sinks into his chest, as now. Some of his clothes still hang from him, the others lie in a solid bloody heap on the green tiled floor.

The ambulance stop in waiting outside in the hallway. Moments walk past him into the second O.R. where a nurse woman has a black band wound on her chin.

The cop knows better than to ask the doctor anything. In his heavy boots and white coat he looks awkward and incongruous. The impression isn't helped by the big fat face and the small eyes that are now closed together. The nurse and white-garbed doctors step around him as if he was stone, not realizing how in their light and closed little world.

That the head nurse of Emergency, who is a big heavy woman in her 60s with a stern, somewhat benevolent face and head, comes out to the cop and tells.

I continued on page 34



A place of life and death

A hospital emergency ward is where trouble is a luxury comes 24 hours a day, where life is cruel, where life is cruel. Ian Adams has spent months covering life—and death—in big-city hospital emergency wards, and the accompanying article is a fragment taken from a book he is now completing, to be titled *Emergency Ward*. The dramatic pictures on these pages were taken by Maclean's photo director Henri Froust in the emergency ward of Toronto's Scarborough General Hospital.



But
he's a part-time
land speculator,
and soon he'll
be worth
\$400,000. You
could do it too

CARMINE'S BROTHER WHIP IS A ONE-CHANCE UNDEVELOPED AMERICAN. A SUM OF 100,000 WOULD BE AN APPROPRIATE REWARD IF AND ON YOUNG SINCE 25 miles north of Toronto. The pregnant Carmin was incarcerated in 34 years old, cloudy and variable. His English is a slightly good and his eyes are the ripe Solange colors. Carmin, has a plump, hard-wearing wife and a 10-year-old boy. Angelo, who wishes at each TV, is in possibly due. A prisoner who dropped into his sleep for a heavy night inside the Carmine had done it right for himself, if the brother in his previous year described how he came over in Canada in 1935 from his brother's 15 years from near Anaheim in southern Italy, an apprentice barber with a good-class education and a \$10 bill was owed to the living of a lot. But the customer wouldn't know the half of it.

Teacher at-large the week ending Oct. 31: \$4,000.000

He'll probably get a Corrado Mancinelli, a spectacularly successful example of a new kind of Canadian wine-spring, men of limited means who are living quite handsily off the fat of the land. With champagne and big mortgages it's possible to pocket enormous sums and avoid taxation, as in carefully chosen cases of some simply by buying real estate in fast-developing areas. Corrado, who has never had a break loss in his life, got started by acquiring a building in Rome as easy street. From one of his customers, he moved to upstate New York and opened a coin laundry and, later, a dry-cleaning business (run by Mrs. Mancinelli) in a store owned by a widow.

The earlier kept moving up in the world — trading his newspapers behind him. 'I don't just let monthly payments,' he says. 'People have given me open mortgages and I put in a few dollars on the principal whenever I can. My wife and I — we work very hard. We never go to bed before midnight. And how low low on property north of Toronto?'

The Toronto area in Canada's primary wildlife hot spot, followed by the northeastern lower coastal region of British Columbia, of which Vancouver is the hub. Next come Calgary and its immediate vicinity, Edmonton. There is a sparsity of game Apart from fish Yukon and the Northwest Territories, where the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development will still sell wolves "open" land for five dollars an acre and "other" land for one dollar, the whole west country seems to be caught up in a land boom.

□ **Pine, Charles Brown, FRI** - Milled English teacher sold two acres of pine and woodlot with a nice view of Northumberland Strait as an outboard business estimate for \$1,300, having bought the land from a farmer for \$1,500 two years before.

© The Vancouver Island Research Society, 1995, 18 miles from Victoria and about a million miles from Uxbridge, a middle-aged Colby couple bought a 3.8-acre site of wooded land in 1990. They paid \$17,500 for the property, which had 1,100 feet of shoreline and a clean shell beach, and they looked forward to building a little house there when they moved. Recently their plans changed and

Several Canadian study groups contributed to the following properties. When it was suggested to one of them that a lot of the advice was fairly obvious he replied: "Yes and it was the Fox Communications!"

1. **Strong money:** It's still possible to scrape stuff like fuel or environmental land less than \$2,000, but you should save with several thousand dollars that you can afford to forget about for an indefinite period. For \$2,000 you can buy 10 acres of land within 50 miles of any growing city at 20 to 30 acres if you can use \$2,000 as a down payment, depending on finance arrangements. Regions are hard to find to live with each day, but the strong use of cash will be sometimes easier by house — the ability to sell property at a profit before it's fully paid for. The smaller the down payment, the greater the leverage and the riskier the deal.

3. Use the services of real-estate brokers and never negotiate their commission. Realtors who specialize in the desired kind of property are usually the best advisors. Make it clear to your broker that your motive is profit. The great loss an owner incurs — the prospect of two consecutive

A small winner should not gamble with his losses in the city. If you will let a profit at will almost inevitably be charged when you buy another house, then you can't wait for a good deal or a better market.

And in evaluating property, consider all the non-consuming benefits and tips of wisdom. The three important benefits are (1) income, (2) income and (3) location. People move along highways—the second quality—is a view of nature etc.—and assess the value of its property and experience their health. "If you find a piece of land in a foreign, desert, don't!" Some speculate that that is your wish when you find land. "Don't buy land just because it's cheap." And here, you see the danger of moving home, often, but it is important to making a purchase by the end or imaginary "other person" who is always moved on by reality.

There are two ways. Bigger pools reward the doubled virtues of politeness and locality. "The more possible time to sell is when you are in it," Whelan the market's lightest you can sell for only profit. While not wrong you need not sell for any price." Always that you need to sell, he explains, until the day it's sold, submit. Hanging in any income toward loans, and carrying charges. A weekend farmer can sometimes make a go of it — if it happens to be the one of a farmer. The city slacker is best advised to use his rural holdings for local needs.

They sold the land to a New York executive for \$70,000.

I bought my first piece of property in the spring of 1994 after concluding that life must mean for all an hallowed image: is a pretty poor investment, and after taking a desperate beating in penny-striking stocks. Last October when I was offered three times what I'd paid for my land I was not at all surprised. I felt that my 280 percent paper profit after 18 months was no more than I deserved, and

The sort of mindless stupidity it typified as someone dribbles in and exits. It is so simple. While coastguards keep saying things like "Upstairs could make me replace my good downstairs shell," Harvey Earth, the Toronto resident, makes sense with "God is still asking people that He stopped making land a long time ago." On the face of it, shores are less than you know there do make sense on a

limited land, the great old economic law of supply and demand, bolstered by monetary inflation.

Nearly 150 years ago John Dorch Astor and his family were the first to build a home on the site of the Astor Lenox and Tilden Club. At the time, the site was a swampy area, and the family had to build a causeway to reach it. The house was built in 1854 and was one of the first houses in the city to have a central heating system. The house was built on a hill, and the family had to build a causeway to reach it. The house was built in 1854 and was one of the first houses in the city to have a central heating system. The house was built on a hill, and the family had to build a causeway to reach it.

Real estate is as much focused as the stock market and small investment takes many forms, often related to changing Canadian life styles. A trend among exp types is a second step for real land. While *see* *commented on page 10*

BONNIE AND CLYDE

the 1930s make fashion news again



When the Bonnie and Clyde gang took over the law in the 1930s, they left a trail of fashion news. Bonnie's look was a mix of 1930s and 1940s. Clyde's look was a mix of 1930s and 1940s. The Bonnie and Clyde look was a mix of 1930s and 1940s. The Bonnie and Clyde look was a mix of 1930s and 1940s.



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With Bonnie and Clyde, the 1930s made fashion news again. The Bonnie and Clyde look was a mix of 1930s and 1940s.



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PRODUCED BY
MARGARET HARRIS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BETTY GELL

A LITTLE GIRL IS MISSING



NAME: Marlene Schmitt, age 10 years, last seen in Kildare, Ontario, on April 27, 1987. **DESCRIPTION:** Height, four feet, six inches; weight, 75 pounds. Last seen wearing red corded cow print, red plaid shirt, white blouse, blue jeans, blue socks and blue denim running shoes with red laces. She is believed to have been abducted by person or persons unknown. Rewards totaling \$2,500 will be paid for information leading to a solution of the case.

Every mother has the thought somewhere in the back of her mind when she sends her small children off to school: *What if she gets lost?* But this nagging fear was one of the universal burdens of childhood, wasn't it? I recall Mrs. Milton Schmitt one Thursday morning last year. For one thing, it was a glorious day in the heart of Kildare, Ontario—one of those crisp days in early spring that remind you that winter is truly behind you. For another, her 10-year-old daughter, Marlene, was especially anxious to get to her grade four class at Kildare Public School. She usually walked home for lunch, but today she planned to sit at school with two classmates. And so, with a bag of egg sandwiches in one hand and an arithmetic textbook in the other, Marlene began her last day.

The quarter mile walk to school was unremarkable, and Marlene's first hours in Kildare seemed like any other day. She spent the morning studying math, spelling and reading. Just before the noon bell rang, she led her 30 classmates in singing songs—I'll was her assigned duty that week. Her class spent part of the afternoon watching Governor General Vanier's funeral on TV, and the rest chewing popcorn for social studies. Marlene's contribution was a drawing of a Montessori sentence ring. At 4 p.m., the final bell rang.

Left behind in her desk were the artifacts of a 10-year-old schoolgirl's happy life. There was a principal note from a classmate warning, "You're getting talking!" There was a well-thumbed set of guns. And there was a red notebook containing several essays. Marlene had written: at classroom projects. "One day I decided to take a trip to Italy," one essay began. "Then, I was already to go, but it took 5,722 miles to get there. When I got there I saw a monster and by the time I said HELLO he sat me up. Then I could not



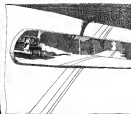
LEAVING Mrs. Schmitt left her 10-year-old daughter, Marlene, at school on April 27. She was walking home for lunch, but today she planned to sit at school with two classmates.



TWO Mrs. Schmitt left her 10-year-old daughter, Marlene, at school on April 27. She was walking home for lunch, but today she planned to sit at school with two classmates.



A FRIEND Mrs. Schmitt left her 10-year-old daughter, Marlene, at school on April 27. She was walking home for lunch, but today she planned to sit at school with two classmates.



PICKUP Mrs. Schmitt left her 10-year-old daughter, Marlene, at school on April 27. She was walking home for lunch, but today she planned to sit at school with two classmates.

get home." Marlene never did get home.

Ten minutes after she left the school, two homebound workers from the Kildare American Station plant were driving west on Kildare Road, near Marlene's house. Seeing them at the Portman Street intersection near the school, they noticed a small, well-dressed, dark-blue station wagon park on the shoulder of Kildare Road. There was a middle-aged man at the

wheel, and he was talking out his rear door to a small girl in a red car coat.

The two men, Leonard Bode and Ray Baker, watched the scene curiously as they slowly drove past. Bode, a man with short, dark hair, was looking at the young man talking to the little girl. "I think it's a very nice girl," he remarked.

As their car passed, Bode continued to watch through the rear view mirror. He was several yards past. He

saw the girl walk around behind the stranger's car—I was later identified as a Renault station wagon—and open the door on the passenger side. "The little girl got into the car," Bode remarked. He watched as the car started up. It drove east on Kildare Road, past Marlene's house and out of sight. It was the last time Marlene Schmitt was seen alive. Bode and Baker forgot about what they'd seen—until they heard the radio news that night.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



THE SEARCHERS

An hour after Marianne failed to return home from school, Mrs. Schardt phoned the police. By that evening, the news was on the radio. What eventually became the largest missing-person search in Canadian history had begun.

Police began by questioning neighbors and conducting a house-to-house search of the area that continued all Thursday night. By Friday morning, radio stations were broadcasting appeals for help from the public.

By Saturday, an estimated 35,000 civilian volunteers had poured into the area. Newsprint, radio and TV kept on broadcasting appeals for more searchers. Helicopters scanned the area from above while the searchers, including tracking dogs, slogged through the rain-swampy forest and swaths of timber. Police set up a command post in Wilfrid Public School, and employed more than 300 local and provincial policemen to direct the volunteers. They came from as far as 200 miles away — men who'd carried weekend hunting trips to join the search, entire families who treated the tragedy as an oddity. Boy Scouts — men at one point, a detachment of army troops. Deep into the night rain or snow, the volunteer searchers probed through a 130-mile square area. Finally the crowds grew so large that police broadcast an appeal for the public to stay home.

It was a vast effort, but a waste one. The only tangible clue was the discovery the day after the girl's disappearance of one of Marianne's running shoes, with its laces missing, on a trail-side 12 miles northwest of Kitchener.



THE HUNTER

Less than a year later, after the crowds and the civilian volunteers had dispersed, eight policemen were still working full-time on the case. Heading the inquiry is Ontario Provincial Police Inspector William Ledwith (at right), who's been on the case since it started — and won't quit until it's finished. Ledwith and his team have logged more than 15,000 miles and checked out more than 600 suspects across Canada and even in the U.S. They've questioned scores of people who resemble the composite drawing, and checked out hundreds of recent sex offenders in the hope of finding suspects who haven't yet acquired criminal records. They're also keen to keep a close eye on people who move out of the area suddenly and thereby call increasing 10 or 12 new leads each week.

Ledwith says the running shot is the strongest physical evidence uncovered to date. But even with that, he says, "we don't know whether it's the end of the trail, or the middle of it or what. So far, we've eliminated a lot of suspects, and we're further ahead by quite a bit than we were at the start."



THE CRANKS

Every mass-murderer attracts its share of cranks, spiritualists, fortune-tellers and just plain nuts. The search for Marianne Schardt was no exception. The day after her disappearance, a woman phoned police to report that she'd dreamed the girl's body was in the bottom of a nearby, swammy lake. Police dug up the lake, but no body was found. One man phoned to report a telephone license number. When police found that such a number didn't exist, the man explained that he'd got it from his Ouija board. Another man rang in from a Toronto phone booth and confessed to the abduction. The call was traced, police arrested him and, after careful interrogation, laid a public-mischief charge. At the urging of a newspaper reporter, Mr. and Mrs. Schardt got in touch with General Crozet, a Dutch clergyman with an impressive record of finding missing children. They mailed him readings of the area and Crozet sent them back with several areas circled. But when searchers combed the spots Crozet had marked on the map, they found no trace of the missing girl.



THE SUSPECT

This portrait was drawn by a police artist who interviewed Doet and Selen. The only law enforcement officer who describes the man as being in his late 40s or early 50s. He was clean-shaven and the hair combed. Doet is certain he recalls the man wearing glasses with light rims, and is sure he was wearing a light-colored canvas hat with a dark band.

Since the two witnesses saw the man's face only from a distance, and that only fleeting police reports, the details are one of their best pieces of evidence. But it is the only description available of the man who kidnapped Marianne Schardt — a man who may still be at large, and who could strike again.

THE PARENTS

At home, the Schardts are still waiting. They're hoping, Marianne's absence just as it was when she disappeared last April. And every day, auto-company worker Milton Schardt, 35, phones the police for news. So far the answer has always been the same: "Nothing today, sir," but when last April, Mrs. Schardt has requested medical treatment for a bad case of nerves. Her husband, still fearful of Marianne's abduction, won't let their 10-year-old son Stephen walk to school unaccompanied.

Like last year, when this story was being prepared, the Schardts asked

Medlems to print an appeal to Marianne's abductor, wherever he is. "We beg you with all our heart to phone or write us a few words to tell us where she is. We promise an everything but hold dear we will show the police your letter or tell them of your call. If Marianne is alive, let her go, and tell us where we can find her. If she is dead, let us know where we can find her. We will never identify you no matter what has happened. It is so terrible not knowing. Please phone us or write to us. Her brothers can't go on not knowing where she is and our hearts are breaking. We have to know. Please be merciful and let our prayers be answered."



Flanked by their Canadian Mafiosi, the Smothers Brothers posed on the roof of the new City Hall, Hollywood. Standing (l. to r.) Dean Vaughan, music consultant, Allan Rife, comedy writer, Saul Zinn, executive producer, Ron Givis, comedy writer, and Bill Davis, who started as director this fall.

One pretty export to Hollywood from CBC's *Wynona* series, Jennifer Lien, plays Henry Ford's daughter in a movie due out soon.



BY HAL TENNANT

"WHY I REALLY HATE, Saul Zinn was saying from behind his desk, as a sign on the wall says: YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE CANADIAN SECTION."

The screen for warning in a way. After all, not everybody knows, as it did, to picture it, that's their first lesson, then in Television City, Hollywood, and discover that one of the brains behind *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* is a deep-dish-based person who keeps a picture of Lester B. Pearson and a Canadian flag side by side on his office wall, and a hockey puck on his desk.

Why this needed warning? It was hard to imagine anybody in the building not ending by this time that the Canadian Mafiosi as they are known around CBC, were pretty much in control of the latest variety show on TV.

These who could hardly be more everybody Canadian if he took a look every morning at night (with a jet booster, his cover made a snort of his wiggle as a Montreal-to-Toronto who once wrote such now-defunct CBC television programs as *Great Canada My Country*, *The Jubilee Show* and *Shower*, starring Robert Goulet. And even as he spoke, his Canadian lingo was being constantly disrupted by the grating CBC building Bill Davis, who was then director (he has since moved on), was in a rehearsal hall running part of the cast through a routine, when Ron Clark and Allan Rife were at their typewriters, Goulet's prop and skin, and more comedian Dean Vaughan, co-writer Maximal handover and star of his own CBC-TV show, was hard at work at the piano pressing together a song melody.

"There are so many Canadian around here!" Steve's partner, Eric Chambers, said with much indignation "that some people think we're all from there. People say, 'Why don't you go back to Canada?' How can I? I'm from New Jersey!"

Which made me wonder how many other legal and somewhat legitimate on-line using other TV shows and movie lots felt surrounded or at least thoroughly infiltrated by other branches of the Canadian Cosa Mafiosi. Not that it was in Hollywood to document the already well-publicized fact that during open hours of action, writers and directors from Canada are doing very well indeed at the film capital. I had a double angle than that. Two angles, in fact. One is that there really is a Canadian Mafia down there, dropping plenty of customer list otherwise much like *One Thing* — a headboard of people feeling kindly even a common-cord and standing ready at all times to help one another get ahead — and tell.

My second angle (though, a more surprising and, I think, a far more significant) Canadian no longer have to go down to Hollywood to have their talents discovered. Hollywood is coming right up to Canada and discovering them.

The Mafia thing takes many faces. On the Smothers Brothers show, Ron Clark for all his background, which set me to him as my Canadian in fact. As executive producer he and Chambers (who are co-writers of the show along with Tom and Dick Smothers) needed proven talent, and Ron exactly looked at Toronto and Montreal. "I wouldn't know where else to look." It was exactly named for him to push Rife, Vaughan and Davis, all ex-CBC types, because he knew their work from his Toronto days. (Ron Clark, a Montrealer, was the exception. He wrote that at McGill, couldn't persuade anybody at the CBC in Toronto to hire him work off for the U.S., wrote gigs for Jack Carter, Phyllis Diller, Will Jerkins, Arthur Hailey and others and then encountered them at Hollywood — they had come for *The Danny Kaye Show*.)

Some Canadians fell in with the Mafia only after arriving in Hollywood. Gordon Farr for instance, was a producer-director in Toronto until late then a year ago. Then he and his partner, Steve Baren, decided to try Hollywood.

"I'd been in L.A. for exactly one day," says Farr, "when the phone rings at my hotel room. It's Dennis Greenleaf. [He writes on *Hollywood Palace*]. He says one of the big bells offers to help me find an agent, tell me where the jobs are and who to call. He was immediately helpful and we'd move over next. Canadians help each other down here." They do indeed. Within four months after their move, Farr and Baren were also writing for *Hollywood Palace* — as is their 12th child's first child.

Sometimes the efforts of this underground transmigration go on and on in a seemingly endless chain. Perhaps the best example of that is the one that led eventually to Hollywood's most recent and most dramatic discovery of Canada. Three years ago, Larry Mize, a leading... / continued on page 43

How Canadians are infiltrating Hollywood



Mary is a highway statistic you don't hear much about.

Even if it were just one Mary like the lady in our photograph, instead of the hundreds of people who escaped serious injury in a 1982 GM automobile, we'd consider her many years of safety research worthwhile. We've got our specific reasons for feeling this way.

For example, the energy-absorbing steering column made advanced first year. By 1982 it was pre-engineered to be worth an outstanding safety contribution that it continues to be standard equipment on every 1988 GM car. And as you know, all of our cars have the

safety of a dual-inertia cylinder brake system, folding seat-back latches and the resonance of passenger guard locks on every door.

And, in 1988, we've added even more: new side marker lights, air bags (also standard with your hard-earned air conditioner) and a new, safer, more comfortable seat. These are just some examples. You can see every Chevrolet, Pontiac, Buick, Oldsmobile, Cadillac, Buick Wildcat, Oldsmobile Cutlass, Chevy is one of the safest cars on the road in our mark of excellence.

It's a good reason (among many others) you should look for it on your 1988 car.

The more you look, the more our mark of excellence means.



Chevrolet, Pontiac, Buick, Oldsmobile, Cadillac, Buick Wildcat, Oldsmobile Cutlass, Chevy

dunhill

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The most expensive blend of rare Virginia tobaccos
ever offered in Canada is contained in this superb new cigarette
from the House of Dunhill. It's very long, very distinctive
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